The Sketch

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COMMANDER BEN BRYANT'S WIFE AND FAMILY.

MRS. BEN BRYANT *is the wife of Commander Ben Bryant, D.S.C., R.N., commander of submarine "P211," whose activities in the Mediterranean have been working havoc with Axis shipping since his arrival there. His "bag" totalled—in "Mare Nostrum"—twenty-three up to last week. Bryant, who won the D.S.C. in Norway nearly three years ago, is 6 ft. 3 ins. in height, and used to wear a beard, but this was shaved off during his last leave, a year ago, in accordance with Mrs. Bryant's instructions. The children are four-year-old* PATRICIA *and baby* JEREMY JOSEPH, *who has not yet seen his father.*

PORTRAIT BY BERTRAM PARK.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Prime of Life. Gentle reader, have you "turned" fifty? (No, Madam, I am not addressing you—dash it all, I have a *little* tact!) If so, you will agree with me that there are worse things that one can turn—*e.g.*, stones, corners, and

"*The Stonewall Jackson tank can travel sideways an' shoot rahnd corners.*"

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

possibly even new leaves. I ask you, indeed, to agree with me that a mellow fifty is the prime of life. You have perhaps discovered—if not, it is time you did—that any time of life when one wishes one were a bit younger is the prime of life. What is sauce for middle-aged men is sauce for middle-aged journals. *The Sketch* is middle-aged, because it is only half as old as its big sister, *The Illustrated London News*. Nevertheless, it has turned fifty. It is in the prime of life. I know what I am talking about, because for nearly twenty out of those fifty years I, in person, who speak to you, have been contributing to it. It has printed nearly a million words that I have written for it. Notwithstanding, it survives. That, to my mind, shows a remarkable vitality in any paper, not to say an almost perverse tenacity to existence. Even more remarkable, the Editor and I have never had a cross word. Yet he is still Editor and I am still writing. Something wrong somewhere, but the wheels still go round. (Mind you, I don't know what he has said in the office sometimes, and I am too nicely brought up to enquire.)

Now and Then. You see your *Sketch* to-day in a slightly attenuated form—just a trifle of war-slimming, quite *à la mode*—and only half as often as you would naturally wish to do. That's rough on you, and, without peevish grousing, it seems to me a little rough on *The Sketch*, too. I do not understand why old-established periodicals should have to go short, while cranky pamphlets, and some very queer pacifist sheets, are turned out in their thousands. However, I have said enough about that ere now, and I may be trespassing on matters which I do not understand. What is certain is that in the Gay 'Nineties, when the first number of *The Sketch* appeared, they did not suffer from little inconveniences like that, and anybody who had suggested that there would ever be a shortage of a thing like paper would have been thought certifiable. Scarcity of any kind hardly entered anybody's calculations. Twenty years were to elapse before the unthinkable was to happen, and the demon of world-war, exorcised for a century, was to ravage the earth again.

Snows of Yesteryear. A giddy period! Is its "gaiety," its "naughtiness," the child merely of romantic recollection? To a great extent, perhaps—like every past age—but not solely. It had its dash, its *chic*. A strange *chic*, to our eyes. Looking at the illustrations of the first number (February 1, 1893) we ask ourselves, with rounded eyes—these skirts, these *coiffures*, and, above all, these hats, were they really, in the eyes of any human being, beauty and charm? They certainly were, and you need not be too snooty about the hats—have a look at your own! Those wasp-waists—were they really as waspish as all that? Yes; nobody knows how it was done, nor with what agonising consequences—but it was done. Frock coats and stove-pipe hats for smart men? I have never seen any superiority of the "morning" coat over the frock coat, though I admit that I should resist a back-to-the-topper movement. They were highly up-to-date, too; there is a picture of a "navigable balloon," which does not look so very different from an aeroplane. *Fin de siècle*! What a catchword it was! In France its equivalent was High Life (pron. *higleef*). Well, it was a wonderful old century, and entitled to a lively farewell. We have "progressed" so far beyond it, haven't we? But I shouldn't mind looking upon its like again, if I thought there were ever any chance of doing so.

Pale Hands I Loved. I am certain of one thing about those wasp-shaped leaders of fashion—their hands (like their sweet little Victorian minds) were lily-white. They may not have had blood-red nails (they were blush-pink and filbertian then, weren't they?), but those hands were white as the driven snow and "soother than the creamy curd." I commented recently on the harder fate of their modern sisters, whose war-weary and soda-soaked hands are all roughened with toil. I seem to remember that this was one of the endearing characteristics of Mother Machree, but it does not appear to be so popular with other members of her sex. Anyhow, my observations have brought a veritable *cri de cœur* from an esteemed correspondent in Scotland. This sore-pressed lady, after describing the wear and tear of her household work, and her efforts to obtain "by dint of my most ingratiating manner," a tiny dole of an efficacious skin-cream, continues: "Now why should this be?

"'*Tis from young Bert in North Africky—'e says they been and caught thousands and thousands o' Wops.*"
"*Ar, to be sure, Mrs. 'Unt, 'tis a plaguey part fer insecks!*"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

SALVAGE FLASH——KEEP THE FACTORIES GOING WITH YOUR WASTE PAPER.

Vhy shouldn't someone with medical knowledge take pity on s, as you have done, and make it his or her job to find something o help us over this difficulty ? Self-respecting women just hate aving their hands ruined. It makes us bad-tempered, and this eacts on our husbands and children, don't you agree ?" (I ouldn't agree more !) "Please write a really soul-stirring PPEAL TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION on the poor ousewife's behalf, for without the tools we can't finish the job."

Workers of the World, Unite ! Well, dear Madam, I am at least relieved that you have not asked me for a recipe, because I don't really run a column called "Ask Uncle Alan About It" ; and you might have suspected e of unfeeling levity if I had suggested unlimited milk or white f eggs, which are the only things I can think of. But, believe e, my heart bleeds for you. How can I stir the souls of the edical profession ? Only by telling them that they have no ouls whatever if they can listen to this appeal unmoved. Don't t them make any feeble excuses about not being able to get e materials ; what is science for but to get *other* materials ? f this fails, do not suspect me of irony if I say that the remedy es in your own hands. Organise, dear lady, organise ! You elong to one of the strongest and oldest trade unions in the orld. Lead a national sit-down strike ; lead a procession to Vestminster, with a banner, "Hands off our hands !" The uffragettes did it, and they have just been telling each other hat great girls they were ; why can't you ? If all else fails, just *t a fashion* in sandpaper hands. Before you know where you re, no girl will be smart unless she has a hand like a curry-comb, nd the velvet hand of the 'nineties will be as dead as the "bun" nd the bustle.

How They Grow. You would not thank me, Madam, for telling you to consider the lilies, because it can be little satisfaction to you, in present circumances, to reflect that they toil not, neither do they spin. It nnot be claimed that lilies are going to it. But, if you want a spot of brightness, you might consider the crocuses. It is very jolly to see them, but I must say I think they are behaving in a very peculiar manner. They have no right to be bobbing up like this at all so early in the year, and the solitary primrose in my garden is even more precocious. Almond-blossom, too ! *Odi et amo.* They are pets, all of them, but in my opinion they are indulging in wishful thinking. They appear to believe, like a lot of other people, that the war is all over. I hope they are right, but I wonder whether they have forgotten that there is a month called March. They say it behaves like a lion sometimes. But this is ungrateful. Present crocuses breed present laughter—and so do days that are drawing out and mornings that are no longer midnight.

"*It 's no good asking* me *where we 're off to—'e said bring 'em both up.*"

DRAWN BY J. E. BROOME.

All Pals Together. My correspondent in Scotland will not misunderstand me, I am sure, if I tell her that, with her toil-worn hands, she is no lady. She need not take that to heart, because among us workers of the world there are no longer any ladies, nor any gentlemen either. We are all comrades. Sir Stafford Cripps says so ; he feels that when he is addressing factory-workers it is nicer to be all pals together than stuffy, *bourgeois* ladies and gentlemen. I see no objection, because it is obviously snobbish, and not what Burns meant, to say that a man 's a gentleman for a' that ; but I think Sir Stafford is going to find it difficult to be consistent. I don't see how he can refer to a colleague as "the Hon. and Gallant Comrade for Mudpuddle," or to "the Rt. Hon. the Prime Comrade" ; and if he refers to an adversary as "My learned comrade," or to a learned judge as "Your comradeship," somehow I don't think it will go over big. Indeed, though the thought is doubtless unworthy, I just wonder whether there weren't a few giggles and sniggers among the Comrades themselves. Incorrigibly *bourgeois*, this British proletariate ! (*Alan whispers Kemp, aside* : Are Stafford and Joe "comrade" to each other ?)

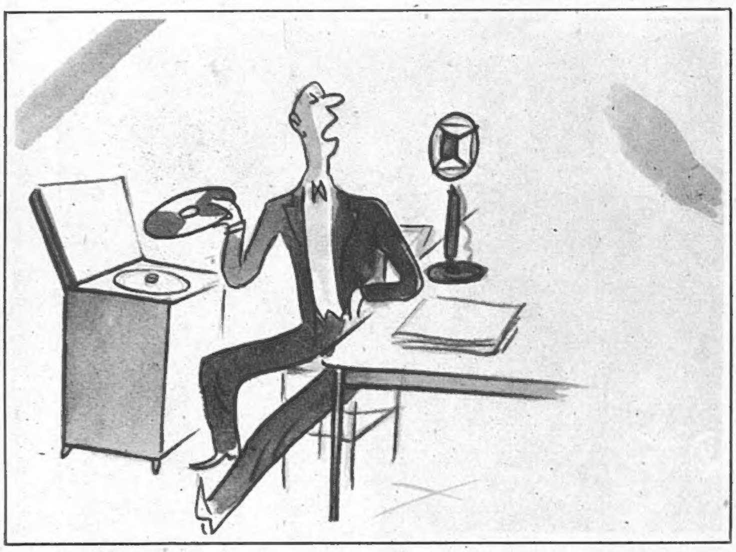
[*Continued overleaf.*

Continued.]

Stones for Bread. Has everybody, I wonder, forgotten a very moving ballad which Mr. Davy Burnaby used to sing with the Co-optimists, with the heart-rending refrain :

> What! No spinach? Don't tell me that!
> What! No spinach? Get me my hat!

You can picture the scene—the spinach-addict suddenly deprived of his gruesome diet, like the dope-fiend cut off his "coke," or the lion cheated of its prey. Nobody can contemplate it without emotion. Well, I felt like that the other day in an hotel at breakfast, when I was told "No toast." "What!" I cried. "No toast?" "No toast," the waiter repeated, setting his jaw at a sharp, Churchillian angle, and clearly indicating: "So what?" "Not



"*There's just a quarter of a minute to go, so I'll put on a record of Stockpollsky's State Philharmonic Orchestra playing Zebeullio's Serenade in C sharp major . . .*"

DRAWN BY P. MILLAR.

even with crusts on?" I asked weakly. His expression changed to the elaborately sardonic. But I was ready for that; I could beat him at that game. "You were about to ask me," I said, with steely sarcasm, "whether I realised that there was——" "No, I wasn't," he said brutally. "I was going to say that cutting the crusts off is worth five quid or a month." I waved him away, with a proud gesture. But he spoilt the effect. He said: "You can have a potato." This so unnerved me that I spilt a spoonful of porridge over my tie. I shall never forgive that man. And I shall never forgive Hitler.

A Plague of Eggs. Of course, I did not ask for, or expect, or dream of, an egg; but there were other parts of England where people were thinking and dreaming of nothing but eggs. The village of Wrangle, Lincs.—not, I believe, previously known to fame—seems to have been living up to its name. It has been knee-deep in eggs, accumulated since last December. Every cupboard, bucket, barn, cellar and garret has been bursting with eggs. But, naturally, nobody in Wrangle has been allowed to sell, still less to *eat*, an egg. That is not what eggs are meant for; Nature intended them to wait for many weeks until a collector called for them, and then sent them to a packing station, thence to be despatched to Land's End or John o' Groat's. Unfortunately, the collector had no boxes for them; and so they just matured in bottle, so to speak. "Our eggs," observed the village grocer, "created a stir." I should think that by the time they reached the public they would create *quite* a stir. They have even made a stir in the House of Commons, where questions have been asked. However, it is all right; there has been a conference at the Ministry, and a departmental enquiry at the G.H.Q., Egg Division, North Wales, and things are hustling. In a few months (subject to Cabinet approval) the collector will have some boxes, and somebody in Inverness or Bodmin will get a new-laid Wrangle egg. I advise him to present it to a museum, or bury it at dead of night.

"*If only I could remember how one opens these things . . .*"

DRAWN BY PAT AULD.

Water, Water Everywhere. Stung, perhaps, by this little contretemps over eggs, Mr. Mabane has lashed out about vegetables. And who shall blame him? Not I, who have just partaken of some stewed grass masquerading as spring greens. "Many people in this country," says Mr. Mabane, "have never really tasted vegetables. All they know is the sodden pap produced by overboiling unprotesting vegetables in a bath of water." 'Tis all too true; wherever else the patriotic housewife may economise water, she will have no five-inch nonsense about the vegetables. Adult baptism and total immersion are her vegetable theology. The test case is the Brussels Sprout. Gently treated, with the minimum of inundation, this can be at least an edible vegetable; it may be even attractive. But what is the Brussels Sprout as ordinarily presented in the British home or restaurant? A clammy sop, a quagmire of denatured nourishment, a swamp of waterlogged vitamins! A querulous attitude, you think? Well, the consumer has his point of view, as well as the producer, and, anyhow, I have the authority of Mr. Mabane himself for saying that "fundamentally men are better cooks than women." There is a still nastier crack coming up, for he continues: "But that is no reason why some women should cook as badly as they do." Now then, Lady Astor! Rally round and defend your sex! If necessary, summon the Old Brigade to pelt him with overboiled cabbages.

Third-birthday celebrations of an East Coast SERVICES CLUB FOR OFFICERS *as well known to the Navy as many a London club, recently drew our caricaturist for his own purposes. All the Services were represented and the cake was cut by a member of the U.S. Army. The Club is the first of its kind to be opened in this country during the war, and as a rendezvous it does excellent service in entertaining men and women of H.M. Forces, not only from the Dominions, Colonies and America, but also from other European countries.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

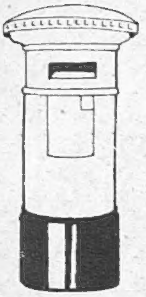
The fifty-seventh of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"ANGEL! THANKS A MILLION FOR THE COD'S HEAD!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—The affair between Faith and the Conductor is in a very fluid and unsatisfactory state. After that emotional scene at the Conductor's cocktail-party, Lady B. and Charles and I naturally thought they were engaged. In fact, Charles went so far as to send Faith a Greetings telegram the following morning saying, "Heartbroken, but wishing you all happiness. Charles." While we were at lunch Faith's reply, also Greetings, arrived. It read, "Don't know what you mean darling stop Heart still in your keeping exclamation mark Faith."

"Damn the girl!" said Charles crossly. "Can't she make up her mind?"

That afternoon he dictated a nasty little letter, which was afterwards typed by the imperturbable Secretary and sent round by hand, saying that youth and beauty did not last for ever—in fact, if Faith would forgive him for saying so, hers was already on the wane, and wasn't it time she stopped being coy and settled down with a man who, in Charles's opinion, was too good for her?

"*Walking about hand-in-hand.*"

"How could you be so unkind?" I said, when Charles told me about it that evening. "Poor, poor Faith! You must ring her up at once."

Charles looked uncomfortable, but before he could get to the telephone Faith walked in. She came straight up to me, and said in a strangled voice, "Charles has been unkind to me."

"I'm sorry, Faith," said Charles. "All the same, the Conductor *has* been round to the Surgery twice this week for something to make him sleep."

"I can't think why," said Faith, opening her blue eyes very wide, "because we *are* engaged."

"Hurrah!" said Charles.

"Secretly," said Faith.

"But, dear Faith," I said, "why must it be a secret? We haven't had an engagement for ages, not since the Linnet; and the weather has been so depressing."

"I don't see why I should be butchered to make a Greek holiday," said Faith.

"Roman," said Charles.

"It's all the same," said Faith.

And there the matter stands. Faith has put Lady B. and Charles and me under an oath of secrecy, but she and the Conductor have taken to walking about hand-in-hand with dreamy expressions on their faces, and there is a lot of Talk in the place. Faith's leave is up to-morrow, and Charles says, "What will the Conductor do then, poor thing?" We hope his ducks will bring him comfort.

"*A silver lamé ribbon bow on his collar.*"

Perry is now fourteen. He celebrated his birthday by wearing a silver lamé ribbon bow on his collar, having a special din-din, and being rather more selfish and disobedient than usual.

"Look at our Birthday Boy," said Charles fondly that evening as Perry lay in his basket, which, as a treat, had been placed right in front of the fire, thereby keeping the warmth from our legs.

Perry got up and shook himself and then jumped neatly to the floor. Charles groaned. "Ignore him," I said out of the corner of my mouth. "He doesn't really want to go out."

Perry walked over to the door and scratched upon it with a delicate paw. Charles and I pretended not to notice. Scrape, scrape, scrape—— Silence. Scrape, scrape, scrape . . . scrape, scrape, scrape.

With a sigh, Charles laid down *The Times*. "I have had a hard day, Perry," he said, "and I particularly wish that the Missus should be undisturbed, for she is patching my pyjamas."

Scrape, scrape, scrape. "It is his birthday, Charles," I said.

Charles got up and opened the door. "*Sir!*" he said, bowing low, and Perry walked out. Almost at once we heard him scratching on the kitchen door.

"Come in, yu little Toad, yu," said Evensong affectionately as she let him in.

He came back later licking his lips. I had to put down my sewing to open the drawing-room door to him, and lost my needle by so doing. It took me twenty minutes to find it.

Perry jumped back into his basket and flung himself down in an exhausted way, and at once fell into an innocent sleep. Charles lowered *The Times* and looked at him. "When Perry is gathered to his fathers," he said reflectively, "my sorrow will be tinged with a certain amount of relief."

The next day a Greetings telegram arrived for Perry from the Linnet. It said, "Many happy returns, darling Perry. Linnet." We had already had one Greetings telegram that week from Faith, and the telegraph boy looked so disapproving Charles felt constrained to give him half a crown. We apologised to Perry for our mistake and got the lamé bow out again. He had another special din-din, and everybody opened doors and abased themselves before him because he was ninety-eight and might not be with us for another birthday.

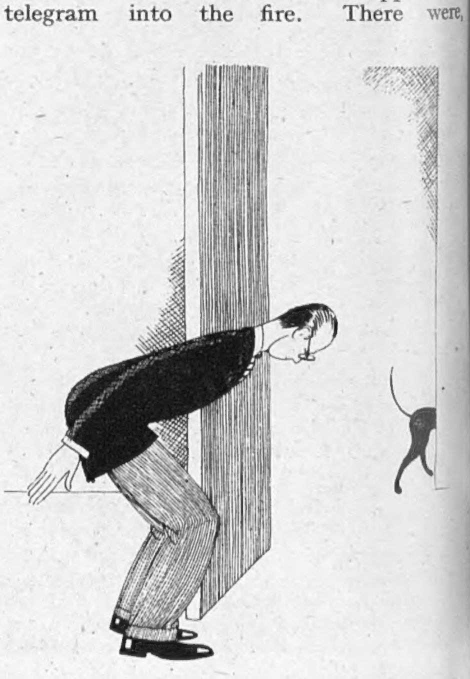
The next day another Greetings telegram arrived. "I don't think this is for us," said Charles, handing it back.

"Oh, yes it is," said the telegraph boy, and stood there hopefully.

Charles gave him another half-crown and then came back and dropped the telegram into the fire. There were, he said, limits.

But I cannot bear not to know what is in any telegram, Greetings or otherwise, so I fished it out before it caught alight. It was from Bill and said, "Birthday greetings to the Grand Old Man."

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.



"'*Sir!*'"

GUNNER TOY-MAKERS OF MALTA.

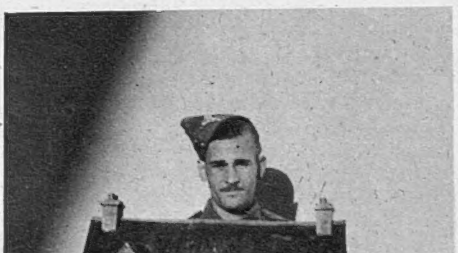
There may be a toy shortage at home, but in GEORGE CROSS ISLAND, MALTA, *they have a good supply—made by the gunners.*

GUNNER AZZOPAN, *of Malta, won a first prize with this superb horse at the exhibition of toys.*

THE war toy shortage has affected most British nurseries, but in Malta, the George Cross Island in the Mediterranean, this particular trouble has been ameliorated by the patience and ingenuity of the gunners. They have whiled away the long waiting hours on gun sites by making toys out of such materials as could be mustered—old bully-beef tins, wood from ammunition cases, old petrol tins and other unpromising odds and ends. The results of their efforts are surprising, for many beautiful toys have been produced, including squadrons of model aeroplanes, rows of amusing wooden animals, including Mickey Mice, horses, birds, elephants, etc., toy carts of every kind, a superb doll's house, and a well-garrisoned fort. An exhibition of finished toys was held at the British Institute and prizes were awarded by a committee of lady judges headed by the wife of H.E. the Governor.

LIEUT. E. B. H. SHIELDS, *of Stoke-on-Trent, took a prize with his fort, complete with soldiers.*

The Malta gunners have shown remarkable skill and ingenuity in making toys of every kind for the island children. The materials used were any "scrap" available, such as old tins and bits of wood.



GUNNER W. INCHMORE, *of South Normanton, Derby, won a prize for this doll's house, complete with furniture and staircase.*

And here B.S.M. VICCARS, *of Mitcham, Surrey, is posed with his prize-winning toy fighter 'plane.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

It is not often that earnest filmgoers have an opportunity of comparing the past with the present. Ours is an ephemeral art. What is here to-day is gone to-morrow — and it seldom returns. But for once there is a return that is worth while, and one that does afford a certain amount of interesting comparison. At the London Pavilion is a revival of Miss Hedy Lamarr's first Hollywood picture, "Algiers," while at the Empire, Leicester Square, may be seen Miss Lamarr's latest Hollywood picture, "White Cargo."

"ALGIERS," made some five years ago, is the American version of one of the most brilliant films that ever came out of France—Duvivier's "Pépé le Moko." It was not quite as good as the original, but it was good enough. The original was grand and terrible. This is a romantic tragedy. The original was virile. This is merely handsome. Nevertheless, it is a film that can hold its own with most that are being made to-day, and is well worth seeing again. If you didn't see it when it was here five years ago, then most assuredly you should hasten to repair the omission.

The story was written by an Algerian detective, and is said to be based on his own experiences. It may well be so. The story has all the ring of truth. Set in the underworld of Algiers, the Casbah—that native quarter high above the town, where the outlaws live—the film has a straight and simple issue. The police want Pépé, an exiled jewel thief and gambler. Pépé is safe as long as he stays in the Casbah. Can they lure him out of the Casbah? In the end, a native policeman, using a lovely French-woman as a bait, gets him down to the harbour and captures him.

That is all; but it grips and holds, this film which, for all its toughness, should have been tougher. The too-cultivated charm of M. Charles Boyer in the leading part does some little disservice to a rôle that demanded the hard gracelessness it got at the hands of Jean Gabin in the French version. It is perhaps a sad irony that the moment found most auspicious for a revival of "Algiers" is the one that finds the original Pépé, Jean Gabin, for the first time in Hollywood, and presumably available for a re-make of his own French rôle. Joseph Calleia (who has not had a worth-while part since) is better as the native policeman, smiling, watchful, patient. He knows that Pépé is safe from him just so long as he stays in the Casbah, so he baits him with the idea that the Casbah is itself his prison. It is a disturbing thought to one of Pépé's temperament, as the policeman well knows. In the end, the lure to break prison is irresistible, as he is sure it will be.

There are many intense scenes in the film, not the least still being, even in translation, that great moment of horrific drama when an informer, played by Gene Lockhart, backs away in terror from his advancing executioners, jars a mechanical piano into action, and dies to the strains of ragtime. But there is one rather odd moment. This is when Pépé looks into the heroine's eyes and murmurs: "You remind me of the subway." I thought at the time that this was a strangely unpromising approach to love. I still think so. Looking back, I find that I wrote of Miss Lamarr at the time: "She is a dark girl with a ripe mouth, slim as a wand, and with enough of this and that in her style to persuade Hollywood to make her a star, whether or not she turns out to be an actress." Well, she has become a star in the intervening years. If you want to know whether she has become an actress, her latest performance in "White Cargo" will allow you to form your own opinion.

Was it really necessary to make "WHITE CARGO" again—for the third time? Of course, when we saw the stage play for the first time, we were a little startled, a little thrilled, even a little shocked. But the thrill has gone. There is nothing in "White Cargo" to startle anyone. No one to-day could be even a teeny-weeny bit shocked. Hollywood cured us of most of our inhibitions long ago. You remember the story, of course—how the hard-bitten overseer of an African rubber plantation is progressively disgusted at the way his assistants deteriorate under the influence of sun and whisky, how they succumb to the charms of Tondelayo, the beautiful native girl who makes love to any and every white man she can find for the sake of the silk and bangles they give her. You remember how one of these assistants, to score off the overseer, actually marries Tondelayo—was it ever the shocking thrill Hollywood evidently still thinks it?—how Tondelayo attempts to poison him to rid herself of a marriage bond she doesn't in the least understand, and how the overseer forces her to drink the poison herself.

Yes, of course you'll remember it all. You probably remember how the parrot-cry of the young assistants: "It's blasted hot to-day!" allied to the limes and the settings, almost made us in the theatre feel that it really was blasted hot. Well, there you are. There's "White Cargo" for you, all over again, with Walter Pidgeon playing the overseer, Harry Witzel—and he nearly gets you believing in it all over again; Frank Morgan the dissolute old doctor; Bramwell Fletcher, Richard Carlson and Richard Ainley the wilting assistants; and Hedy Lamarr, greasepaint-smothered and sarong-clad, playing at being a naughty native vamp.

But somehow the virtue has gone out of it. The idea of a white man wilting physically and morally beneath the African sun seems a bit silly in the face of the Eighth Army's endurance in the Libyan Desert, and the tales of the almost unbelievable things accomplished by the Americans and the Australians in the jungles and swamps of New Guinea. We know to-day that white men, even young white men, are made of better stuff than that. Time, I fear, has caught up with "White Cargo," and shown it to be nothing more than an outmoded fancy.

But, all the same, there is one little scene that is my tip for 1943's best bit of character work so far. That is when Frank Morgan, the old doctor, drinks off a full tumbler of whisky before the incredulous and startled eyes of the latest young assistant out from England. The young man's eyes almost start from his head—but the doctor does not fall dead, as he clearly expects him to. No, he fixes him with a glassy eye, daring him to say what is so clearly in his mind, turns, and goes, with enormous care and still more enormous dignity, to the door. He turns once more, gives the still incredulous young man another

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler, Valerie Taylor. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.

*Ambassadors: "A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF." Revival with Henry Kendall, Chili Bouchier, Olga Lindo.

***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

**Comedy: "MURDER WITHOUT CRIME." With an excellent cast.

***Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker, Margaret Rutherford.

*Garrick: "AREN'T MEN BEASTS." Robertson Hare; Alfred Drayton in revival.

**Globe: "THE PETRIFIED FOREST." Owen Nares, Constance Cummings, Hartley Power in Robert Sherwood's entertaining play.

**Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

**Hippodrome: "LET'S FACE IT." Bobby Howes, Pat Kirkwood, Joyce Barbour. Cole Porter music.

**Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.

**Palladium: "BEST BIB AND TUCKER." Tommy Trinder and Co. again.

***Phœnix: "DU BARRY WAS A LADY." Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe star in mad musical comedy with Cole Porter music.

*Piccadilly: "SLEEPING OUT." Farce. Gene Gerrard, Ellen Pollock, Gus McNaughton.

*Playhouse: "THE HOUSE OF JEFFREYS." Russell Thorndike's thriller. Sybil Thorndike, Robert Adams, Gwendolyn Gray.

*Prince of Wales: "THE DESERT SONG." Revival with Harry Welchman, Eleanor Fayre, Helen Barnes, Arthur Wontner.

**St. James's: "A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY." Turgeniev's comedy perfectly done, with Michael Redgrave, Valerie Taylor, Ronald Squire.

**St. Martin's: "CLAUDIA." Pamela Brown and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

**Saville: "FINE AND DANDY." Good show, with Leslie Henson, Stan Holloway, Dorothy Dickson, Douglas Byng.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

**Strand: "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE." Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

*Vaudeville: "MEN IN SHADOW." Sabotage in France. John Mills.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

PANTOMIMES.

Coliseum: "MOTHER GOOSE." Patricia Burke; George Gee; Norman Evans. *His Majesty's:* "JACK AND JILL." Arthur Askey; Florence Desmond; Eddie Gray. *Stoll:* "CINDERELLA." Nervo and Knox; Fay Compton; Naughton and Gold; Ted Ray. *Victoria Palace:* "BABES IN THE WOOD." Lupino Lane; Adele Dixon; Polly Ward.

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

haughty stare, and with those careful and stately movements that reveal so much, goes out into the sunshine.

"PITTSBURGH," at the New Gallery, is an undistinguished film about nothing very much, except the rise of two coal-miners to affluence, the fall of one of them because of his overweening self-conceit, and his eventual rehabilitation through the painfully learnt lesson of humility. It has a familiar air. We 've seen it all before in one setting or another. John Wayne and Randolph Scott are the two miners, and Miss Marlene Dietrich appears, oddly enough, as a miner's daughter. There is really no very clear reason for her being in the film at all, except for the fact that there just had to be a feminine influence, the old, old triangle situation. You can guess what happens in this film, can't you? It 's obviously Plot 4, Variation 45, Drawer 6, File 3. Randolph Scott and John Wayne both love Miss Dietrich. They 're both buddies, and there is all the time the tug between friendship and love. John Wayne gains his eminence by trickery and callousness. Randolph Scott gets the girl. In the end, all three are happily united in the great task of winning the war for America.

A very astonishing moment in the film is at the end, when Miss Dietrich, clad in dungarees, and with all the coal-dust cleaned off her face, makes a stirring appeal to all the women of America to roll up their sleeves and get busy. It 's astonishing—but it 's not in the least convincing. If you like your films tough, you may be able to excuse the banality of the story for the sake of a fairly good free-for-all, and for one really good fight *à deux* and *à outrance* between John Wayne and Randolph Scott, which begins in the galleries of a coal-mine and continues all the way up in the "cage."

"It's That Man Again" (radio-sensation-with-twenty-million-listeners) was due at the Marble Arch Pavilion and the Tivoli Monday, February 22. TOMMY HANDLEY, *"Mer" of Foaming-at-the-Mouth (right) and Sam Scram* (SYDNEY KEITH) *think theatrical life is wonderful when they meet the vamp* (VIRGINIA KEILEY) *in C. B. Cato's office. All the "mike" invisibles will be seen on the screen—Mrs. Mopp, Signor Soso, Lefty, Funf, and the others.*

"Pittsburgh" (New Gallery) is reviewed in this article. Here is Cash Evans (RANDOLPH SCOTT) *telling Pittsburgh Markham* (JOHN WAYNE) *a thing or two about his and Josie's wedding plans.*

Grubby-faced but lovely Josie (MARLENE DIETRICH) *will not listen to Markham's talk of twin souls.*

"TO-MORROW WE LIVE," at the Regal, is, frankly, a disappointment. It purports to be a film showing how the French patriots in a little French port carry on a grim, underground fight against the Nazis, and organise an escape service to England. Well, so it does in a way, but only in the way that somewhat trivial melodrama would do. And despite the fact that it had the blessing of General de Gaulle and the French National Committee, it only succeeds in demonstrating how little the film world seems to appreciate what is going on across the Channel. Once more we are shown the Nazis as childishly inefficient, deceived by tricks and ruses that would be laughed to scorn by any intelligent schoolboy, and once more we are asked to believe that the mere fact of stating a situation is sufficient justification for using miles of celluloid on it. The fact is that the escape of people from the Continent to England is no longer a novelty. Neither is sabotage, nor incipient rebellion, nor underground resistance to Nazi rule. It 's all been done—too many times already, some may think. To justify such films now needs at least inspiration, bigness of thought, of conception and of execution. It is no good just coming along after events; they move too fast. John Clements, Greta Gynt and Yvonne Arnaud—particularly the last-named—do their best to lift the film out of the rut, but it is beyond them to do more than try. It remains just an ordinary thriller, with no more and—let us be fair—with no less appeal than all its kind.

Also due at the Regal is "EYES IN THE NIGHT," a thriller with Edward Arnold as a blind detective for its hero. Most screen detectives are more than usually blind, but this one is so in reality, and although the story is just the old one of the plans in the safe, and the butler who is really a German captain in disguise, there are one or two moments that are not without interest. But certainly the best thing in the film is Friday, the blind detective's dog, who displays all the uncanny intelligence of the Seeing Eye and the highly trained police-dog. In fact, since the death of Rin Tin Tin, it is doubtful if such canine acting has been seen on the screen.

Josie tries to comfort Doc Power (FRANK CRAVEN) *while he waits to be rescued from the caved-in mine.*

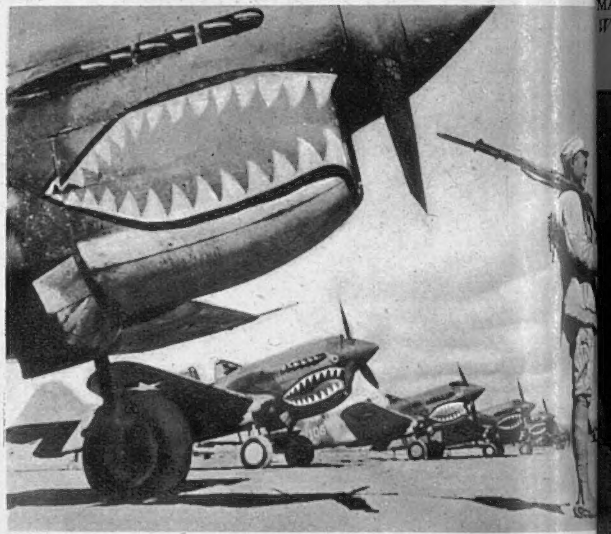
WORK, PLAY, TRAINING AND ROMAN

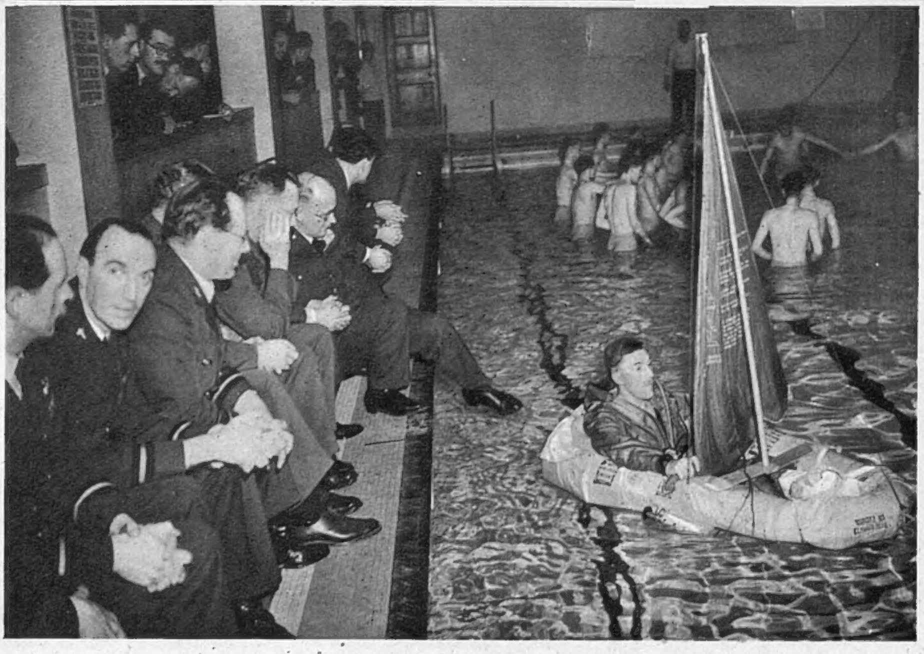
WREN JOY HINDMARSH *is here receiving instruction in drumming from* P.C. FRED LINDSAY, *drummer in a police band, so that she may head the ceremonial Wren parades in correct style.*

LADY DAVSON, O.B.E., *Chairman, Ladies' Committee of War Services, West India C opened a Forces Y.W.C.A. Club at Camberley, presented by Barbados.* CONTROLLER CARLISLE, A.T.S., *is on the left.*

Left: The engagement of SIR FRANCIS ROSE, BT., *the artist, to* MRS. SPROUL BOULTON, *younger daughter of the late Major-General Sir Frederick Carrington, has been announced.*

Right: THIS CHINESE SOLDIER *guarding a line of fierce-looking U.S. fighter 'planes, decorated with dragons' mouths and fierce eyes, will be on duty for a twenty-four-hour stretch.*





"Dinghy drill" in a swimming-bath is part of the training of all R.A.F. pilots and air crews. This man is demonstrating the use of one of the latest type of small fighter-'plane dinghy, fitted with a sail.

The engagement of MISS MAUREEN HELENA KELLY, *daug Captain H. J. Kelly, U.S. Army, and Mrs. Kelly, Stow Hall, Norfolk, to Viscount French, K.R.R.C., has been anno*

DOZEN PRESENT-DAY NEWS PICTURES.

ARY WELSH (…ie, Life), DIXIE TIGHE (Int. News Service), KATHLEEN HARRIMAN (News Week, N.Y.), …N KIRKPATRICK (Chicago Daily News), LEE MILLER (Vogue) and TAMA LONG (N.Y. …mes), uniformed American women war correspondents, met in London.

PTE. PHYLLIS WOOD, A.T.S., *a former textile designer, works in the Army Post Office, and handles millions of letters for men overseas. This little lot are part of the air mail.*

Left: A.T.C. lads are taken up in many types of 'plane during their training. These boys are just going up, and the W.A.A.F. orderlies are bringing up parachutes for them to wear on their flight.

Right: GINGER ROGERS *and* PRIVATE JACK BRIGGS, *of the U.S. Marines, who were married recently at Pasadena, are seen dancing together in a Hollywood club. Stills of Ginger's new picture, " Once Upon a Honeymoon," are given on another page.*

ISS KATHLEEN DUNCAN, *second daughter of the late Mr. Walter … Duncan, and of Mrs. Duncan, is engaged to Lieut. Ivar Iain Colquhoun, R.A., eldest son of Sir Iain Colquhoun of Luss.*

LIEUT. DOROTHY L. SWART, *of the U.S. W.A.A.C. (right), who has only just arrived in England, was a guest at the Mansion House lunch for women leaders of the war effort. She sat next to* CAPTAIN M. F. M. RILEY, *of the C.W.A.C.*

An inspector examines the latest batch of RUBBER DINGHIES before they are passed over to the Aeronautical Inspection Department. These dinghies are carried in our bombers.

Girls put the finishing touches to some of the RUBBER DINGHIES *which cover a vast area in the works, where they are produced in thousands for the R.A.F.*

FROM HOT-WATER BOTTLE TO BARRAGE BALLOON.

At work on SELF-SEALING TANKS *such as are used in British fighter 'planes. The girls are applying a coating of red dope and silver dope to the rubberised canvas coverings.*

This very effective picture shows the women at work finishing off a BALLOON FIN.

This girl, machine-sewing the SECTIONS OF A BARRAGE BALLOON, *completes one circuit of 87 ft. without stopping. Note her picture gallery of Hollywood stars.*

SUCH pleasant adjuncts to comfort as hot-water bottles, rubber mattresses, vacuum flasks were made in peacetime by the firm whose activities are shown on this page. But war transforms, and now the same firm, employing some 3000 workers, makes products which are essential to the war effort. The articles constructed in its factories in very large variety range from great silver barrage balloons to the oil bottle carried by the Tommy in the stock of his rifle. Each factory works throughout every hour of the day's twenty-four.

THE WRENS OF SIGNAL CITY.

The CHIEF YEOMAN OF SIGNALS *demonstrating to an eager audience of Wrens, how a signal is made with flags.*

A class of Wrens practising GENERAL SIGNALLING *on the flat roof known as "the Flag Deck."*

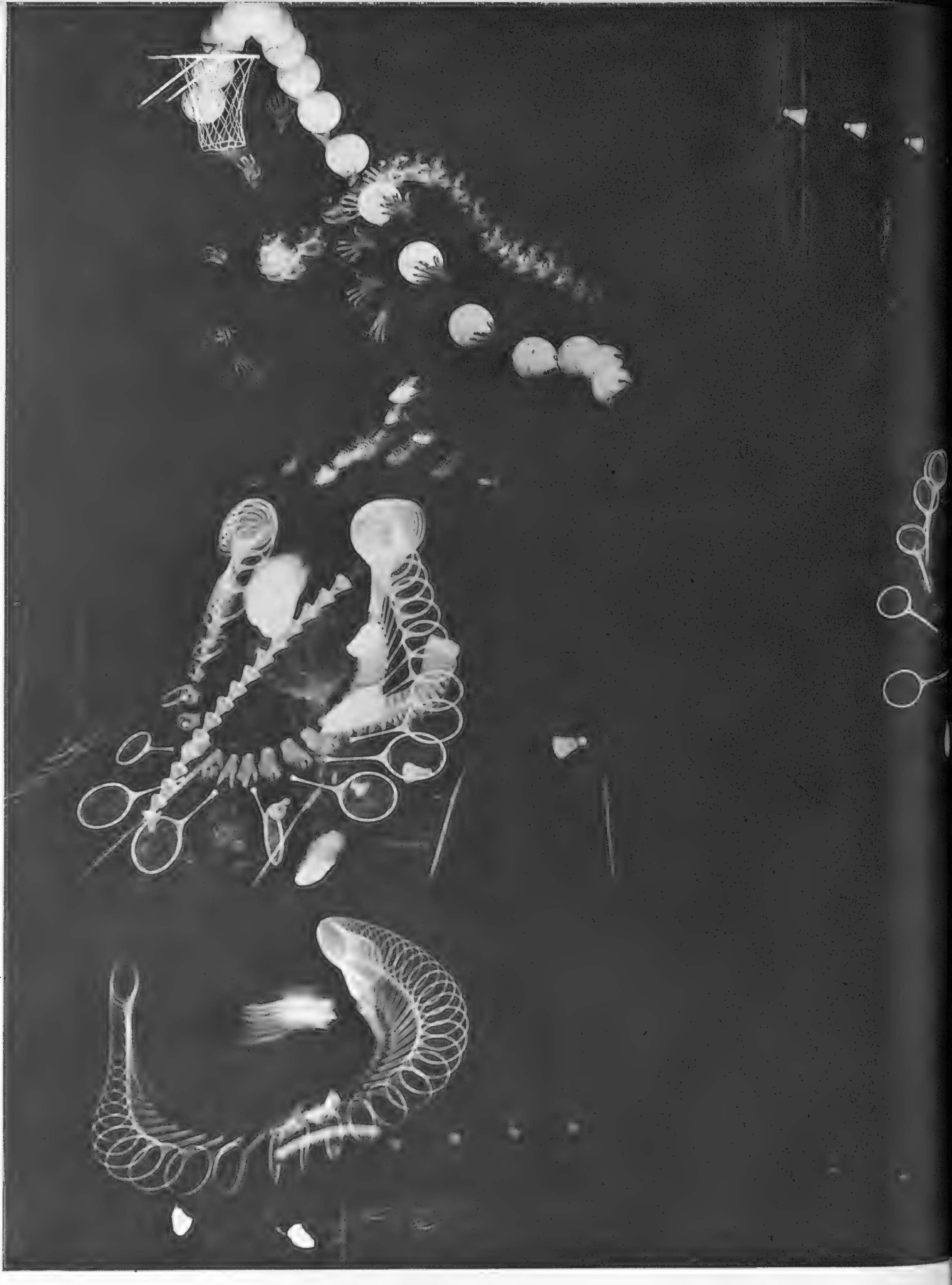
A GENERAL PRACTICE OF SEMAPHORES *on the Flag Deck. The instructor (background, right) walks round assisting and correcting.*

This Wren officer SEALS MANY HUNDREDS OF SECRET MESSAGES *during her watch. Hence the wax candle.*

PRACTISING RECEIVING AND TRANSMITTING IN PAIRS: *Wrens under instruction on the Flag Deck.*

"SIGNAL CITY," situated in the grounds of an old house somewhere in England, is one of the busiest of Naval stations, for many secret and important messages are handled there by the two hundred Wrens who work under the supervision of the Signal Commander, with a few Naval signalmen. The Wrens—wireless-telephonists, cypher officers, teleprinters, dispatch riders—handle hundreds of vital messages daily, to and from ships at sea, naval bases, and posts all over the United Kingdom. Most of the messages are in code. The coding and decoding are handled exclusively by thirty-five Wren officers.

PAY PARADE: *A Wren rating is receiving her pay from a Wren officer.*



SURREALISTIC DESIGNS CREATED BY BALL-GAMES: PATTERNS OF SPO
CAUGHT BY MULTI-FLASH.

N.B. A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.

The surrealistic designs reproduced on these pages are not the work of any modern artist—they are actual photographs of what may be called the PATTERNS OF SPORT, *for they are high-speed multi-flash camera pictures of the movements of expert basket-ball, badminton, squash rackets and lawn-tennis players in action. The subjects photographed in this amazing modern manner are, top row (left to right): a clean lay-up shot up the middle in basket-ball; a backhand stroke at badminton; and a pass at Rugby football. Second row: a forehand stroke at badminton; a low forehand at squash rackets; and a forehand drive at lawn tennis: and, bottom row, a forehand drive at lawn tennis; a backhand at squash; and a lawn-tennis service. These remarkable pictures, decorative as examples of flowing and rhythmic design, and interesting as illustrating the way high-speed multi-flash photography can record swift movement, were taken by A. G. Spalding and Bros., Inc., of the U.S.A.*

An up-to-date portrait of GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in North Africa.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

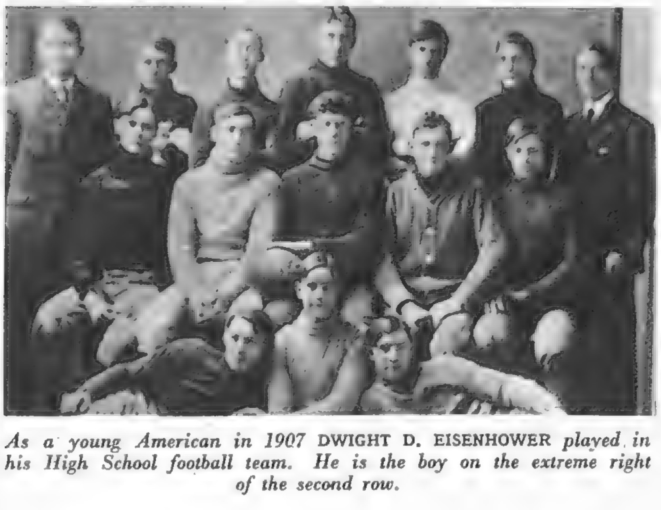
GENERAL EISENHOWER, for being "one of the finest men" the Premier has ever met.

A treasured family album snapshot shows DWIGHT D. EISEN-HOWER (lower-right) at the age of two. With him are th[ree] of his brothers—ARTHUR (top-left), EDGAR (top-right) and RO[Y]

2ND LIEUT. EISENHOWER married MISS MAMIE DOUD, of Denver, Colorado. Here he has just received the gold bar of a 2nd Lieutenant in the U.S. Army.

Like many other typical American families, the Eisenhowers of Kansas get together for family reunion[s]. Taken in 1926, at Abilene, Kansas, U.S.A., our photograph shows: (back row; l. to r.) DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, then a Lieutenant-Colonel; EDGAR, a lawyer; EARL, an electrical engineer; ROY, a druggist, who died last year; and ARTHUR, a banker; (front row) MR. DAVID EISENHOWER, father; MILTON, now with the U.S. Office of War Information; and MRS. IDA EISENHOWER, their mother.

GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, C.-in-C. of the Allied Forces in Northern Africa, was lauded in the Premier's after-Casablanca speech as "one of the finest men I have ever met." Thus Mr. Churchill, and the whole history of this Middle-Western General is one of marked administrative ability, zeal, foresight, and quick promotion. He is the foremost tank expert of the American Army; became a Tank Corps instructor in 1917, and later organised the 65th Bn. Engineers (Tanks). During the five following years he commanded a succession of tank battalions, his first command, at Camp Colt, Penn., having earned him the Distinguished Service Medal. General Eisenhower's forbears left Germany in the seventeenth century to escape religious persecution and took refuge in Switzerland. The next generation sailed for the U.S.A., and settled in Pennsylvania. The General himself is a Kansas man, of Abilene. His recent promotion to full, or "four-star," General sets a new precedent in American military history, for all the other "four-star" Generals in America have at one time or another been in supreme command of the U.S. Forces. The British Army equivalent is that of Field-Marshal.



As a young American in 1907 DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER played in his High School football team. He is the boy on the extreme right of the second row.

At twenty-eight years old DWIGHT [D.] EISENHOWER was a Lieut.-Colonel of [the] last war.

ZORINA IN A MULTI-STAR FILM.

Paramount's "Star-Spangled Rhythm" staggers the mind with the largest battalion of stars ever gathered together on one reel. VERA ZORINA *is the star leader of the ballet, and "Black Magic" one of her musical numbers. The extravaganza plot centres round the Paramount Studios, and each star plays a real-life rôle. Here are a few names from the stellar list: Dorothy Lamour, Paulette Goddard, Veronica Lake, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Victor Moore, Ray Milland, Fred Macmurray, Mary Martin. The three named first have a number burlesquing their glamour trade-marks, called "A Sweater, a Sarong, and a Peek-a-boo-Bang." You may look forward to seeing this dazzling film in London at the Plaza shortly.*

FRED MACMURRAY *is one of the screen stars who dispense Hollywood hospitality to Service men at the Stage Door Canteen.*

MICHELLE MORGAN, *on duty at the Stage Door Canteen, is help to entertain* FLIGHT ENGINEER ROBERT YORKE.

HOLLYWOOD'S STAGE DOOR SERVICE MEN'S CANTEEN.

HOLLYWOOD'S STAGE DOOR CANTEEN, run on the lines of the successful Stage Door Canteen of the American Theatre Wing in New York, proved a smash-hit as soon as it was opened. Bette Davis is the president, and the staff comes from every rank in the movie colony, from studio hands to producers, and includes hundreds of celebrated actors and actresses. The canteen's capacity is 600 uniformed men and 300 hosts and hostesses, and over the week-end some 2500 Service men come along to enjoy Hollywood hospitality.

ANNE MILLER, *stage and screen ballerina, is here taking a turn on the dance floor with a soldier.*

GREER GARSON *(left), the "Mrs. Miniver" of the film when this snapshot was taken, and are*

HEDY LAMARR, *serving at the Snack Bar, breaks off for a moment in order to autograph a paper plate for an admiring customer.*

BETTE DAVIS, *President of the Stage Door Canteen, is pretty busy all the time, but never too busy to give her autograph.*

VIA DE HAVILLAND *were being besieged by autograph hunters with the job of signing their books.*

And here the boys are queuing up to get LINDA DARNELL *to sign their autograph books during her duty hours at the canteen.*

"ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON," WITH GINGER AND CARY.

"ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON," new R.K.O. Radio picture, is due at the Odeon on February 26. It 's an international spy thriller, with Ginger as the golden-haired Baroness, formerly U.S.A. dancer Katie O'Hara. She discovers the Baron to be a Nazi agent and, after many narrow shaves, escapes with newspaper man Pat O'Toole, but returns to the Baron to do some *contrespionage* work. This accomplished, she heads for the U.S.A. with Pat, the villainous Baron being happily disposed of *en route.*

GINGER ROGERS *as Katie O'Hara, American dancer who has married the Austrian Baron von Luber.*

Pat O'Toole (CARY GRANT) *sends out a short-wave message to tell America of the Nazi invasion of Poland—but a bomb ends his broadcast.*

The Baroness von Luber generously exchanges passports with a Jewish maid (NATASHA LYTESS) *so that she may escape with the children.*

Newspaper men Pat and Cumberland (HARRY SHANNON) *conspire with the Baroness to establish proof of her death in an air raid.*

Pat and the Baroness, having attempted to escape from Warsaw in disguise, find themselves in a concentration camp.

Unwelcome encounter: the Baroness meets her abhorred husband von Luber (WALTER SLEZAK) *on board the American-bound liner.*

PAT IN A TWO-PIECE.

This decorative study of MISS PAT LEONARD *shows her in a two-piece costume of crêpe and fringe, wearing some massive modernistic jewellery. She plays Jean Blanchard in "Let's Face It," George Black's successful show at the London Hippodrome, with Bobby Howes, Joyce Barbour and Pat Kirkwood in the leading rôles.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED DANIELS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

To dislike something very much does not necessarily mean that one likes its opposite. But as a rule a strong prejudice in one direction does imply a corresponding predilection in the other, and this is certainly true of Sir James Barrie, a selection of whose letters has recently been published under the discerning and vigilant editorship of Miss Viola Meynell. Barrie abhorred publicity. Not, of course, in the widest sense of the word, for he was on excellent terms with the public, and it is safe to say that no author has ever been more beloved by people to whom he was only a name. But any form of self-advertisement, any exploitation of his personality, any method of awakening public interest, except through the medium of his work, was hateful to him. Now, dislike is an admirable spur, but not a useful steed: it only takes one away from things. In Barrie's case, however, hatred of publicity was balanced, indeed outweighed, by a passion for privacy and the private life. This passion was not the escapism of the recluse, it was a positive and constructive impulse, a first need of his being; it meant that he lived in the lives of his friends hardly less intensely, and perhaps more happily, than he lived his own.

Personal Relationships. He had a genius for personal relationships and took the obligations of friendship with the utmost seriousness. He had precisely what Job's friends lacked, the capacity for giving comfort. Most of his letters are either comforting or, if comfort was not called for, unconsciously calculated to raise the recipients in their own esteem. Miss Meynell has arranged them in groups instead of in chronological sequence, thereby isolating the flavour of Barrie's relationship with each of his correspondents. He wrote most easily and most often to women; but the editor has spread her net wide, there are letters to children and strangers, and many in which communication between the playwright and his correspondent was limited to a single exchange. Among these his delightful note to A. E. Housman, excusing his silence at dinner, and the poet's rejoinder to it, make a fascinating commentary on the maxim: "Never apologise, never explain."

Barrie often explains and often apologises; his attitude of always being slightly in the wrong must have endeared him to his friends. Humour is seldom absent, even from those rare letters which refuse requests; humour which finds an outlet in much playful or wistful complaining, but never permits a breath of oral self-pity. Barrie was the right man to write about courage: his letters in his last illness display an astonishing fortitude of spirit. But on his friends he lavished all the sympathy of a nature which knew instinctively in what degree and in what guise to give it. Even his most formal communication has the undertone of intimacy, but the intimacy is not so much in what he says as in the way he says it: declarations of feeling are rare. Barrie's pen, whether held in his right hand or his left, was an exquisite instrument with a rapier point and (if I may mix the metaphor) a surgical edge. How tempting to have used it for destructive purposes. Hundreds of men and women, well known and less known, crowd these closely printed pages; and Barrie exchanged hundreds of jokes with them, and about them: but almost none in malice. Surely it must be reckoned not the least of his triumphs to have been at once so amusing and so unwounding.

THE ROYAL NAVAL WAR LIBRARIES, *started by Mrs. Ivan Colvin in 1940, has distributed over two million books and magazines to units of the Royal Navy. Its revenue has come largely from the collection of "ship" halfpennies, though many gifts of books and money are sent by the general public. The chart shows how the "ships" halfpenny collections have increased from a few pounds in the first month to over £1200 for last December alone. The staff is entirely voluntary.*

The Brothers. The subject of "Envy My Simplicity" is one that may not surprise or shock an age which has supped full of horrors, but it certainly would have startled a reader living in a more decorous period of the world's history. Two brothers, Ned and Sammy, live with their grandmother in a farmhouse in Sussex and work the farm for her. Sammy, aged seventeen, is a lad of great physical strength and great good nature, but mentally so undeveloped as to be still almost a child and given to sleep-walking. Devoted to his elder brother and ready to do anything for him (the catch he deliberately fumbles in the cricket match is a good illustration of their relationship), he is jealous and uneasy when Ned shows attentions to Myrtle Gray, a shallow, pretty, town-bred girl out for a good time. Anxious to impress Myrtle, who has a wealthier suitor on the *tapis*, Ned tells her the farm is his; actually it belongs to his grandmother, a strong-minded old lady, who has no intention of handing it over to him; but it will be his at her death. Sammy's trick of sleep-walking, together with his extreme suggestibility, give Ned an idea of how this desirable consummation may be brought about. Presently the old lady is found murdered and all the signs, the knife and the blood, point to Sammy having done it in his sleep. And no one is more thoroughly convinced of his guilt than he.

The story would be even more painful than it is but for Mr. Reyner Barton's treatment of Sammy's infirmity. His simplicity is the simplicity of a saint, there is no vice in him and everyone in the village recognises this and is fond of him. His instinct for happiness, which creates so much happiness round him, is a source of spiritual strength that for a long time defies all his brother's efforts to undermine it, and spreads a gentle warmth and radiance through the book. To give it its due effect, Mr. Barton has had to paint the shadows darker; Myrtle is an almost inhuman little gold-digger, her rich swain, Monty, a contemptible lounge-lizard, and Ned, her infatuated slave, a monster of wickedness. Indeed, granting the subversive effect (for good or ill) of sexual love on the moral nature I do not think that Ned's behaviour to Sammy can be reconciled with the affection he is supposed to have felt for him before the advent of Myrtle Gray; and this constitutes a weakness in the story. Apart from that, "Envy My Simplicity" is a remarkably convincing novel and one that illustrates the truth, too often disregarded, that man's worst enemy is his own brain.

London in the Blitz. "Casualties Were Few" is a novel of the blitz and does not differ greatly from others of its kind, except in being better written than most, more closely welded, and in possessing a greater sense of the relationship between this phenomenon—the air raids on London—and the normal aspects of life than was perhaps possible a year or two ago. Mr. Conrad Phillips has chosen for his unit a block of flats, the occupants of which would, in ordinary times, have held little communication with each other—though the Merediths must long have been painfully aware of the shindy created by the Rogers vociferously falling in and out of love on the floor above. It was love that made Mr. Monk, of the floor below, speak to Mr. Meredith about Elaine's miscarriage; Mr. Meredith had little wish to speak to Monk, and would have had still less had he known that Monk was a burglar. A stage lower comes Anita, another of love's victims, who believes that her protector is about to abandon her. For her and for her girl friends love was a profession; for all the characters love, tender or untender, was the dominant consideration of the moment; and the bombs falling all round them before finally singling out one or two for destruction, fanned these feelings into a flame—a flame which, when it subsided, left the victims' minds much clearer than before.

Mr. Phillips has an impartial eye for the failings as well as the virtues of this cross-section of society and there are moments when one feels that a well-directed bomb would injure no one except the person it hit. The Merediths made a fetish of security and were debarred from experiencing the passion of love; at least, she was. The others lived emotionally from hand to mouth, almost literally from hand to mouth, seeing how often they sought solace in the bottle.

A Coroner's Jury. If coroners' juries everywhere were as learned, as loquacious and as anxious to prolong their deliberations as that which met under the presidency of the Honourable Lee Slocum, coroner of Taunton, Connecticut, justice would never be done. When I say learned I am thinking of Mr. Inglis, the retired schoolmaster, who, in between verbatim reports of the case, acts as narrator—a vain, pompous, foolish but likeable little man with an immense repertory of classical quotations and a passion for footnotes. These may safely be skipped if the reader wants to get on with the story—the last thing, of course, that anyone officially concerned in it wishes him to do, for they, and not least the coroner, are bent on drawing their maintenance money. "Tinsley's Bones," then, goes extremely slowly, with many digressions, of which Miss McIlvaine's dissertation on fungi is the most formidable. In spite of the bones and the false teeth rescued from the charred ruins of Mr. Tinsley's home, the whole investigation wears a holiday air, very refreshing after the storm and stress of many detective stories.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Letters of J. M. Barrie. Edited by Viola Meynell. (*Peter Davies; 15s.*)
Envy My Simplicity. By Reyner Barton. (*Chapman and Hall; 8s. 6d.*)
Casualties Were Few. By Conrad Phillips. (*Michael Joseph; 7s. 6d.*)
Tinsley's Bones. By Percival Wilde. (*Gollancz; 8s. 6d.*)

"WHITAKER'S ALMANACK," 1943, is on sale. This handy encyclopædia in miniature is one of the most comprehensive small books of reference in the world. The usual three editions are available: the leather-bound "Library" at 21s.; the "Complete," cloth-bound, at 10s.; and the "Shorter," paper-bound, at 6s. Some idea of the scope of the book is indicated by the 80-page index, with 30,000 references. The diary of the war is given in concentrated form; "Government by Party," from the 1932 edition, is reprinted by request.

FILMING DUTCH SABOTAGE: "THE SILVER FLEET."

Jaap van Leyden (RALPH RICHARDSON) *is a Dutchman ordered by the Nazis to manage his own shipyard for Germany.*

Bastiaan Peters (CHARLES VICTOR; *right*) *hounded by the Gestapo for acts of sabotage, breaks into van Leyden's house to shoot him, believing him to be a quisling.*

Helene van Leyden (GOOGIE WITHERS) *is torn between her loyalty to her husband and the fear that he may have become a quisling.*

Jaap van Leyden shows a model of the new submarine he has built, which is ready for her sea trials, to Admiral von Rapp (IVOR BARNARD; *centre*), *Captain Muller* (FREDERICK BURTWELL; *right*) *and other German naval officers.*

Van Leyden welcomes Herr Markgraf (VALENTINE DYALL; *second from left*), *Nazi protector of Holland, and Admiral von Rapp to his home.*

Rehearsal scene on an actual Dutch submarine. RALPH RICHARDSON, *starring in "The Silver Fleet," gets aboard a sub. about to submerge.*

THE gala première of "The Silver Fleet" is fixed for Thursday, February 25, at the Leicester Square Theatre. A brilliant and distinguished audience of members of the Royal Netherlands Government and leaders of the Dutch forces will be present to see a film based on an "underground" story of patriotic Dutch sabotage against the Nazis. The story is written and directed by a skilled amateur yachtsman in Lieut. Vernon Sewell, R.N.V.R., and Gordon Wellesley, who has been seconded from the Navy for the script-writing. The film is based on a true story.

The last dramatic moment of the film takes place when van Leyden the Dutch shipowner, dies in a sabotaged U-boat.

RECOGNITION.*

By JOANNA MARKHAM.

GREY eyes looked out from beneath a furrowed brow. That was the first thing one noticed about Herman Studd—his unhappy eyes. He had the air of middle age, though he was barely forty. He leant against the wall, gazing at the passers-by streaming in and out of the Ministry of Information.

It was one o'clock. Should he lunch in the canteen? Each time he pushed his tray along the railway he felt that he was taking part in some super-film—one of those midgets who make up the crowd as grains of sand make up the desert—of so much importance and no more; or like one of those slave insects in a Karel Capek play at the beck and call of propaganda.

In the last war he 'd been lucky, winning the M.C., but they wouldn't pass him fit this time; the bit he 'd stopped had damaged his digestion, curse it. After the war he 'd been moderately successful on the Stock Exchange, and his knowledge of the Balkans had got him a small job at the M.O.I. Of course, he was a Home Guard, too.

Perhaps he would feel less depressed if his wife, Emmeline, were less successful. During his convalescence she had nursed him as a V.A.D.—a very pretty one—and had pretended to be firm and stern with him. Her optimistic gaiety was infectious; he felt he owed, in some measure, his recovery to her. Well, he had married her, and he often wondered why. No sooner did he discover her missionary spirit than he suspected her of wanting to improve him. As time went on, she grew more starry, more given to good works; the telephone was for ever ringing, embroiling her further. Thursday? Let me see . . . how can I fit it in? Cut the Committee meeting? Yes, I'll try . . . oh, poor darlings, I 'm *so* sorry for them.

He would get up and shut the door and pour himself out a drink, dreading the moment when she would return, brimful of complacency. And when things seemed on a more human footing—when he kissed her, recaptured a little of that early feeling, asserted his relationship—there lurked beneath his consciousness the fear that she pitied him.

She, however, went from strength to strength. Last night, for instance, she announced: "They've asked me to be 'chair' for Cradles for Castilians. I'm quite a big boss now. The propaganda side of it is quite stupendous. To-day I lunched with Mr. Pounde—the Parliamentary Secretary, of course. I don't suppose I ought to tell you what he said."

"I shouldn't," Herman put in, to regret his boorishness the next minute.

As the war dragged on, the gulf between them widened. He wished he could break away, but it was difficult, his work keeping him in London. As he drew near his nice house in the evening, he would think of the pleasure it had given them at first. He had imagined children's voices in the nurseries. Instead, they had been filled with countless guests—mostly fashionable women given to good works.

Well, he'd better go to lunch; he 'd get something at the Waldorf. He had gone but a little way when a sudden storm drove him to shelter in an archway. A girl in a cotton frock was there already, and, at last, seeing she would not break the silence, he remarked: "One should always take a mackintosh in England, however fine the weather."

"It 's useless to guard against misfortunes," was her surprising comment.

Amused, he countered: "Insurance companies would not thrive on that." He glanced more closely at her. She was small and slight, with a pale, thoughtful face. Her candid eyes were grey, her dark hair glossy. She was scarcely pretty, yet, having looked at her, most men would look again.

"I don't like cautious people," she said slowly. "It 's better to be hopeful and leave the rest to chance."

"Be hopeful rather than careful," he suggested, making her smile, a dimple giving her a slightly mischievous expression. She took a few steps from under cover and glanced up at the sky, only to be driven back.

"That 's the result of being hopeful," he remarked.

Soon the rain diminished. "I shall chance it or I 'll get no lunch," she said.

"May I run with you? I, too, am in a hurry."

"Why, of course. We 'll be lucky if we get a table at this hour."

"I am hopeful," Herman laughed.

She led the way into a crowded shop and chanced to find a table. She talked to him with perfect ease, telling him about her father, for whom she kept house—an invalid.

"What do you most want in life?" he asked her presently. She didn't answer. "For yourself?" he added, knowing she was thinking of her father.

"Oh, of course, to travel—to see the world we live in—the Nile, the Fayoum, Abou Simbel, Homs and Petra."

"It is the Middle East that most attracts you?"

"Yes, I've heard so much about it. My father used to work in the Museum." Glancing at the clock, she rose. "Good-bye, I must be going."

She would not let him pay her bill, and after she had gone he wished he had asked her name and where she worked.

Time passed, and it must have been some three months later that Herman, seeing a crowd gathered round a window, idly turned to find out what attracted them. The exhibits revealed the shop to be a Food Hints Centre, its promoters a famous chocolate firm. Inside it was arranged a lecture hall, at the far end being a platform from which a slight and graceful girl addressed an audience of women.

She was dressed meticulously in white; on her head a cook's white hat; and beneath the stage disguise he recognised his chance acquaintance. She was speaking in a clear, calm voice, helped by an amplifier. In a few minutes clapping showed the lecture to be over, and, having smiled her graceful thanks, she vanished.

Herman strolled to a counter where hot drinks were served and engaged a girl in conversation.

"We are employed by Belleville's chocolate firm, with the sanction of the Ministry of Food; we are trying to interest the people and so make them better cooks."

"Some job," was Herman's comment.

The girl laughed. "Yes, indeed."

"You have a good lecturer."

"Wonderful. Trained in Domestic Science at the London University."

"Might I ask her name?"

"Miss Flora Brandon," she answered, engrossed next minute in a customer.

Herman, back at his office, wrote to Miss Brandon, asking her to lunch one day. To his pleasure, she accepted—she remembered him, of course.

She arrived looking very *chic*—hatless and in a well-cut suit.

"I hoped to see the smart white hat," he told her, smiling.

"It would be unfair to dazzle you like that," she answered, and, at his request, she explained her job to him. "The war has shown the gaps in women's education," she went on. "There's schooling, but too little culture nowadays. I think the French are right: it 's in the home one learns the art of living."

It was the first of several meetings, and presently he asked her to a theatre, his wife, he said, being busy in the evenings at her Service club. It was the first time he had mentioned her, often as he had meant to do so.

"How nice! I 'd like to go," she said. "I 'd made up my mind that you were married." There was no hint of coquetry about her.

She began to fill a good deal of his thoughts, though he had no reason to suppose he meant much to her. She treated him with comradely affection. With her he felt relief from strain, quietness filled him, he was happy—indeed, he looked much younger.

When with his wife he tried to keep Flora out of mind, stifling comparisons. But Emmeline became more like a public speaker every day . . . her martial ardour glowed . . . she looked taller . . . she seemed to glory in the air raids. . . . "We can take it." That was getting on his nerves.

Who is she like? he asked himself, the simile eluding him. Who is she like? Athena—yes, Athena! No wonder the gods sought out mortal women!

And suddenly he remembered how, in the black-out, Flora had slipped her hand in his, and the thought surged up from beneath his guard. I want Flora, to gather Flora in my arms, take care of her and love her.

Now Herman, having made this startling discovery, told himself he must try and see her less, however much the time might drag. And when at last he wrote to her, she answered that she was now working some miles outside London, but she could, however, come by bus and meet him at five-thirty on the following evening.

With impatience he awaited her at their usual rendezvous, and with some uneasiness, for an Alert had sounded as he started, followed by the sullen boom of bomb explosions. The sound of another not far distant sent him hurrying to the street. There were signs of commotion up the road; someone shouted that a bus was hit.

Impelled by fear, Herman hurried to the scene, his H.G. uniform passing him through the cordon. Rescue squads were hard at work. Two women remained beneath the wreckage, he was told; for one there was a chance.

His torch disclosed a black-and-white striped handbag which, to his horror, he recognised as Flora's. He stuffed it in his pocket. Near by was a half-hidden figure, lying face downwards, pinned beneath an axle, but not, as yet, carrying much weight. Feverishly, but skilfully, he worked to free her before the wreckage should settle further. At last his efforts were rewarded, and gently he lifted her . . . she was heavier than Flora. As he turned her slowly over, a familiar voice said: "We can take it." It was his wife whom he had saved.

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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WOMEN IN WARTIME

FASHIONS FOR TO-MORROW

TAILORED SUITS
CHEERFUL WRAPPERS

IT was a happy thought on the part of Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, to create decorative wrappers. They may be worn all the year round; in the warm weather they need no lining, and in the cold they may be worn with a cardigan or pullover, which occupies no space and is practically unnoticeable. The one above is in a blue silken fabric, patterned with white. Sometimes "slogan" materials are used for them; they are very pretty, especially in the lighter shades. The Easter bride will look on them with favour. Again, there are altogether charming wraplets for the convalescent. The children's department is rich in treasures; the clothes are very well made, simple and practical. There are cots and bassinets, which are, of course, innocent of superfluous decoration. Coats for tiny tots are well represented, nevertheless they have to conform to the regulations laid down by the Board of Trade. There are toys, too, but no elaborate affairs.

WOMEN of discernment will choose their spring outfits with the utmost care, as coupons are limited. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, are making a feature of admirably tailored coats and skirts, using the best materials procurable, as they realise that it is true economy so to do. To them must be given the credit of the tailored suit on the left, which is known by the name of Brumel, and is carried out in West of England check suiting. The coat has large flap pockets and the skirt is arranged with double box pleats back and front. Another model is expressed in a grey worsted suiting, with fancy revers trimmed with black cloth reinforced with patch pockets and leather buttons. The skirt is flared with wide box pleats and panel back and front. Two shades of the same material appear in other suits. Neither must it be overlooked that a feature is here made of plain materials in alliance with contrasting accessories.

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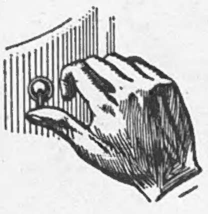

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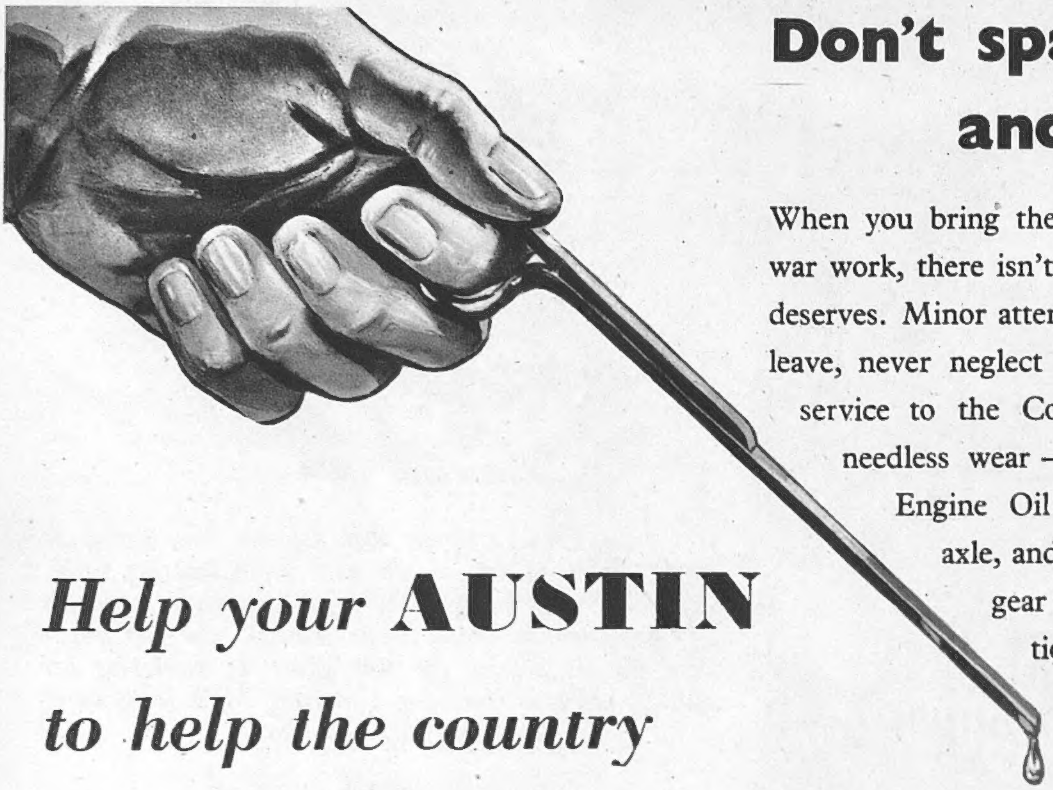

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TO THE R.A.F. TRAINING CAMP— SOMEWHERE IN U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Colin,

Fancy you being in the States and the village here being full of Americans. The Americans told me a lot about the Cherokee Indians who used to paint themselves red, white and blue, but have now got large oil concessions and live on their Reserves.

However, since you are now a Squadron Leader engaged in training people for the R.A.F. you will doubtless have little time for the lighter side of life, though I have heard that the mint juleps are not to be sneezed at. Quite on the contrary. Can you get any Rose's Lime Juice out on the prairie? We can still get some here, so there is little chance of an epidemic of hangovers when the young gentlemen arrive home on leave. The Americans are taking to it like a duck to water. They certainly know their way about.

Constable Huggins got entangled in some barbed wire while keeping two suspicious characters under observation behind the Bull's Head, but his trousers have now been invisibly reconditioned. That, Sir, is all my news.

Yours respectfully

Albert Hawkins (Sergeant—Home Guard)

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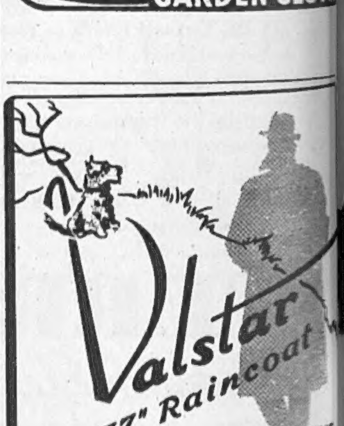

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